

AN EVERYDAY CASE.

She's tired of the daily round.
The teas, receptions and the calls,
And freedom, therefore, must be found
Beyond the city's glaring walls.
She goes about with weary tread,
She meets you with a languid stare,
"This noon before she quits her bed,
Ah, she must have the mountain air!
Yes; she must have the mountain air,
And thus escape the city's roar,
Or else put in the season where she
The billows break upon the shore.

And he is weary of the grind,
And work that follows day by day,
And dark forebodings fill his mind
As he is forced to toil away.
He sees his neighbor loiter at ease
And hears of trips to foreign lands,
Of cottages beside the sea,
And frets, but no one understands!
He frets, but no one understands,
For none but he, poor thrall, is there
To hear the envious demands
For ocean trips and mountain air.

At last! At last her heart is light,
The city's roar is left behind!
Superbly dressed in fluffly white
She flutters in the mountain wind.
A jaunt by day, a hop at night,
The admiration of her set!
How rapidly Time wings his flight!
Ah, life is worth the living yet!
Yes; life is worth the living yet,
Except for him, her weary mate,
Who needs must stay behind and fret
And grind away to pay the freight.
—Cleveland Leader.

THE CARUTHERS AFFAIR

By WILL HARBEN

SYNOPSIS.

Minard Hendricks, great detective, just returned from Boston, finds awaiting him an unsigned typewritten letter directing him to apartments in Palace hotel, where he will find remains of Mr. Weldon Caruthers—currently reported for past two weeks to be out of town. Detective seems to connect letter with attempt made on his own life some time previous. Goes with friend, Dr. Lampkin, to investigate. Upon search of Caruthers' apartments remains of cremated body and jeweled hand of victim are found in a vase. Hand bears marks of finger nails manicured to sharp points. Lampkin recalls reports of a row between Caruthers and Arthur Glou, both suitors for hand of Dorothy Huntington, who is heiress to several millions should she marry Caruthers, unconditionally in case of Caruthers' death. Late that night Hendricks and Lampkin call at home of Miss Huntington. Dorothy shows detective a typewritten letter, which was an invitation for herself and aunt to occupy with Count Bantini, Italian nobleman, his box at horse show, as he was called out of town by pressing business. She recalls Glou had expressed before murder charges had been laid for Caruthers and believes him guilty, yet decides to help him, and with her aunt goes to his studio. Glou has fled. His servant, Henri, tells of overhearing confession to Bantini. Henri thought his master insane. Hendricks, concealed in room, hears all this. Hendricks goes to consult Kola, an East Indian interested in occult researches who had helped him in much previous detective work, and located in an old colonial mansion in the palisades. Dr. Lampkin is summoned by Hendricks, who has kin in the city. He is to be removed and doctor warned not to leave his room. Hendricks' unknown enemy had tried to chloroform him in his sleep. Detective had waked just in time, but was wounded by pistol shot before he could prevent his assailant's escape. Hendricks calls for a crematory employee, who confirms the supposition that ashes found were those of human body. Miss Huntington receives letter from Glou in his own handwriting postmarked at Charleston, S. C., telling of his crime and flight. X-ray photograph examines handwriting of this letter and says it is genuine. During a call on Sergt. Denham, detective of police department, Hendricks comes into possession of cuff with words written in blood over Glou's name to effect that he was innocent, starved and confined. Going to Glou's studio, Henri identifies cuff as his master's. Henri tells of strange influence Bantini had over Glou. Hendricks comes to conclusion Bantini was the murderer, and through hypnosis made Glou confess both in person to Henri and by letters to others. Hendricks and Lampkin go to Kola's retreat. Kola tells them Glou is dead, and to prove his supernatural powers claims to go to detective's home in his astral body and bring back a Bible, which is handed to Hendricks amidst a lot of occult haberdash. Kola warns detective an attempt is to be made on his life. Reaching home, Hendricks learns how nearly Kola deceived him when his mother tells of disappearance of Bible after one of Kola's calls during his absence in Boston. Coming now to Glou's experiences, the story goes back to night of murder. Bantini by his strange power abducted his victim. Glou wakes in narrow cell and realizes he is starving. Bantini tells his prisoner he is in his power, and how during three days of unconsciousness he had been used to write letters to Miss Huntington and the police. The imprisoned artist manages to loosen a stone in side of cell. Through this opening he decides to send a message to the outside world.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Glou did not flinch as he thrust the knife blade into his wrist. Compared to the agony of his whole being, the slight pricking sensation was nothing. Then, when the blood had flowed out and stood in a big drop on his left wrist, he began to write his message with the knife blade. It was difficult work even for a skillful artist, for his hand shook as if with ague, and his strength was almost gone. Here is what he wrote, economizing in words, for his space was limited:

"Innocent. Confined by C. Bantini I know not here. Send help. Starving. Take to police." —ARTHUR GLEW.

Then, rolling the cuff tightly and tying it into the crack. He was afraid the couple would rise and walk on. According to his calculations the roll lodged just beyond the reach of his fingers and then he set about to complete his operation.

He tore his handkerchief into shreds and tying the ends together he made a long string. Then holding pieces of straw to his hand he tightly wrapped them with the strings till he had constructed a rod of straw about four feet in length. With this, after many failures, he finally pushed the cuff through the crevice. He saw it fall from the rock, strike something and leap into the sunlight space. For an instant it was lost to sight, and then he saw it roll into the roadway about 20 feet from the edge of the bench. They happened to

be gazing into each other's eyes and did not see it. Then a carriage, the driver of which wore a high hat and a blue coat with brass buttons, whirled past. The hoofs of the horses knocked the blood-stained messenger out of Glou's sight.

His heart sank within him. Tremblingly he took off his remaining cuff, but the blood drop had become smeared and dry on his wrist, and his right hand shook pitifully.

"It's no use," he said, with a groan. Again he peered through the crevice. The sun seemed to be going down. The lovers had risen, and, arm in arm, were strolling away. For a few moments Glou lay motionless on the straw, then he tried to replace the wedge of stone to hide the opening from Bantini, but he was so weak that it fell from his nerveless fingers.

All at once it grew dark about him. He felt as if he were being tossed on the bosom of an angry sea.

Twenty-four hours later there was a hurried step outside. The door opened and Count Bantini came in, holding a lantern over his head. He brought pen, ink, a pad of paper and an envelope. The darkness outside and the shine of his lantern prevented his seeing the crack in the rock.

Putting the lantern down by the artist, he shook him violently. "Wake up," he said, gruffly. "I want you to write. Write! Write, I say!" But Glou did not stir.

The count swore sullenly and lifted the lantern so that its rays fell across the prisoner's face. He thrust his fingers into the bosom of Glou's shirt. "Breathing, but that is all!" he muttered. "Ah! as his eyes noted the pen-knife and the bloody wrist, he wanted to puncture a vein and get it over, but was too cowardly. Well, you are going fast enough, my boy. I can do without your penmanship."

He unlocked the manacles from the prisoner's wrists and ankles, kicked them aside and left the cell.

CHAPTER XIX.

The next morning after the visit to Kola Hendricks reached his office before his office boy. The first thing he did was to look through the Herald for his advertisement.

It was there, word for word as he had written it. Now he told himself that there was nothing to do but to hope for a reply to it. He busied himself writing letters until nine o'clock, and then Dr. Lampkin hurried in.

"Good morning," he said. "I couldn't go to work to-day with all this uncertainty on my mind, so I came right here to await developments."

"Glad you came," said Hendricks, cordially, as he bent again over his desk. When he had laid his pen aside Lampkin said:

"I hardly slept a wink last night. I couldn't get that wonderful performance of Kola's out of my head. It is in advance of anything I ever heard of."

Hendricks laughed and recounted what had occurred between him and his mother on his arrival.

"Ah, a trick, after all!" cried the doctor, and then his face hardened under an afterthought, "but you certainly mentioned the Bible of your own accord."

"That's the point that kept me awake last night," confessed Hendricks, dryly. For a moment both men were silent.

"There is only one way in which he could have done it."

"How is that?" asked Hendricks, deeply interested.

"Kola had the Bible ready, and when he told you to select some article at home I noticed that he gazed steadily into your eyes. Through telepathy and hypnosis combined he must have impressed the idea of the book on your mind."

"But he opposed me in that, he—"

"That was only for effect. The whole thing was most skillfully done. He suggested the Bible to you hypocritically, and forced you to demand that and nothing else."

"Can that sort of thing be done?"

"In the east it is considered mere child's play."

Hendricks stared at his friend for a moment, then he brought his hand down on his desk with a resounding blow.

"By Jove! that makes three!" he ejaculated.

"Three what?" asked the doctor.

"Three similarities between Kola and Count Bantini."

"I don't follow you," said Lampkin, leaning forward eagerly.

"By Jove! it makes four," cried Hendricks, his eyes sparkling. "Listen. As he lay there last night and grew whiter and whiter, I remarked a little indentation on each side of his nose, which must have been made by a pair of pin-nose glasses. Now, as Kola never, to my knowledge, wore glasses, and as Bantini was never seen without them, that similarity occurred to me. Next my glance wandered to his long finger nails, and their greasy points, and Bantini popped into my mind but that it was Kola himself who had often used that foreign idiom, contained in the letter to Miss Huntington. And now we know that Kola is a hypnotist of rare ability, and so is Bantini."

An exclamation of wonder escaped the doctor's lips.

"Do you really think Kola and Bantini are identical?"

"Oh, no," laughed the detective. "If I did I should act at once. The similarities are there, but they may mean nothing at all."

At this juncture the door opened, and Sergt. Denham entered. His whole manner was that of a man who had suddenly met with great disappointment.

"Good morning, Capt. Hendricks," said he, respectfully, and he made a careless sign of greeting to Dr. Lampkin.

"Oh, it's Capt. Hendricks, eh?" said the detective, lightly. "What has come over the spirit of your dream, my boy?"

The sergeant sat down awkwardly. A flush was rising in his cheeks.

"I have come to beg for advice," he said. "As you are not concerned in the Caruthers affair, I thought you might be willing to give me a pointer. You see, the chief trusted the whole business to me, and I was so confident of the reliability of certain information I had—"

"In the shape of a letter from Glou?" broke in Hendricks, smiling broadly.

"Yes," admitted the sergeant, in astonishment. "How did you know?"

"A letter that every known expert declared was no forgery?"

"Yes."

"Well, go on. I'm listening."

For a moment the young officer hung his head in embarrassment, then he pulled himself together and concluded: "But in following the letter up we met with nothing but failure. Mr. Hendricks, I am at the end of my rope, and it really looks as if I am going to be set back. Capt. MacRae is furious at me."

"Ah, that would be too bad!" said Hendricks, with a touch of genuine sympathy in his voice. "You have the ingredients of success in your make-up, and, above all, you have enthusiasm, which, when it is well curbed, is the main thing. Your egotism will rub off. I see exactly how the land lies, and I want to help you. In fact, I will, if you will join me."

"I'll do anything in God's world you suggest," Mr. Hendricks, said the sergeant, warmly, a hopeful note coming into his voice.

"Well, just let it be known at headquarters that you have become associated with me in the case, and together we will get what we can out of it. I am no fool, and I know that for a young detective to join me will be no discredit to him, especially if we win."

"It will be the making of me," said Denham, beaming all over. "But I can't see what can be done."

"I can," answered Hendricks, with a glance askance at Lampkin. "Sergeant, I have been hard at work on this case since the night the affair was discovered."

"You have!"

"Yes, and never got any substantial clue till you gave it to me. That's why I am willing to help you now."

"I gave it to you?" said Denham, his brow contracted.

"The cuff with the bloody message on it," exclaimed Hendricks. "It was written—"

He began to write his message with his knife blade.

ten by Glou, and he is now starving, if he is not dead, somewhere in confinement. He is in the power of a certain Count Bantini—you read in 'Bantini'—who was a rival of his for the hand of Miss Huntington."

Denham's astonishment was too great to admit of expression.

Hendricks passed a copy of the Herald over to him. "You see," he said, indicating with his finger a place among the personals. "I am trying to find the man whom you sent away without taking down his address. If we knew where he picked up that cuff we would be on the road to success."

Denham crossed his legs and folded his arms awkwardly. Apparently he had a struggle with his pride.

"As far as that is concerned," he said, sheepishly. "I can help you on that point. I remember now that my assistant, who talked with the fellow, told me that he said he had picked up the cuff on the new road which has been cut by an old colonial house above Fort Lee, on the Palisades. I could have told you then, but I was a ass. I was so full of my own importance that I simply lied to you."

Hendricks raised his own hand in the air, all the fingers apart. He was gazing into Lampkin's astonished eyes.

"Five!" he exclaimed. "Kola and Count Bantini are one and the same. Glou is confined somewhere about the old house."

The sergeant was more than mystified.

Hendricks sprang up. "Explain it all to him, doctor," he said, pointing to the other. "I must formulate a plan of immediate action."

He stood at the window, his hands locked behind him, while Lampkin was explaining the matter to Denham, and just after the doctor had finished, he whirled into the adjoining room, routing the astonished office boy from a seat near the telephone.

"We must prepare Kola for our coming," he said to Denham. "If he sees our turn-out approaching he may give us the slip. I think I can catch him by calling him up a moment."

"Good idea," remarked the sergeant, and he and the doctor drew near the telephone.

Hendricks rang and a steady, unconcerned tone asked for the desired connection. For a moment he stood perfectly still, holding the receiver to his ear, then he laughed.

"Hello, Kola! I know your voice. I say, my boy, you played me fine last night. I never closed my eyes once. Oh, you needn't laugh. There's no fun in that sort of thing."

"What? Yes, he's upset too. He was in my office as soon as I was, anxious

to talk it over. He lost sleep, too, I think. But, I say, Kola, I am in a dilemma about this murder case. I want your advice. When I tell you what I half way suspect I think you may advise me to go ahead. If you have no objections I'll come out with Lampkin and give you my views and then if you still hold that I ought to drop the matter I will do it."

"What's that? A little louder, please?"

"Oh, yes, a thorough convert at last. I shall never make sport of your philosophy again. Then we may come out at once?"

And then, although the doctor was within reach of his hand, Hendricks raised his voice as if speaking to some one in the next room.

"All right, doctor, he says we may come. I'll send down for a cab."

Imposing silence with a gesture of the hand, the detective led them into the other room and closed the door.

"He's completely off his guard, and tickled to death over my credulity. He'll be the worst surprised individual that ever looked down the barrel of a six-shooter. Now, to business. We'll all three take the elevated to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. I'll telephone for a carriage to meet us there. Doctor, make out an order for some restoratives. In case Glou is alive we will need them."

Dr. Lampkin penciled a prescription, and sent the office boy to the nearest drug store.

"I hope," he remarked to Hendricks, "that you are sure of your ground in believing that Kola and Bantini are identical."

"Oh, that's all right," grunted Hendricks. "You see, the count didn't cause Glou to disappear the very night I got back without a reason. He must have been keeping a close watch on my movements and knew when I returned. My mother tells me that Kola called to ask about me every afternoon during my absence, and he never left a day's slip during that time without dropping in on my desk. Oh, the whole thing bears the imprint of the Indian, and I could make it clear to you if I had time. In his role as psychic adviser to the rich set he got acquainted with their ways, and, being desirous of getting rich suddenly, he resorted to the Italian nobleman ruse. He felt that I knew him better than anyone else in New York, and tried to blow me out of his path. Failing in that, he may have decided to let me exist awhile longer, but when he had stained his hands with human blood he became shaky and made another trial at my windpipe."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HE WAS A MEAN MAN.

And Consequently He Got Even with His Superior Better-Half Just Once.

One of the mildest-mannered men on earth is John Smith, of Peckun, though

he doesn't like his name or the name of his

father, a red-headed school-teacher, who

thought she knew more in a minute

than John did in 37 years and five

months. As the years went by John

became accustomed to life with a su-

perior woman, and the four or five

times a year he got even with her in

his quiet way appeared to reconcile

him to the rest of the performance.

The last occasion of an "evening-up"

occurred a few days ago. Mrs. Smith

was displaying her knowledge of war

history and cognate branches.

"Wars," she was saying, "are com-

monly known among third parties by

the names of the two nations involved,

and it is a rather remarkable fact that

the name of the losing nation precedes

that of the conqueror. For example,

we have the Franco-Prussian war, in

which the French people came near

being obliterated as a nation by the

Prussians. Then the Chinese-Japan-

ese war, in which the Chinese were

utterly overthrown by the Japanese.

So also the Græco-Turkish war, with

the Turks conquerors at every point,

and, lastly, we have the Spanish-Amer-

ican war, in which Spain met over-

whelming defeat everywhere. Under

the circumstances, I think it may be

set down as a rule that in the vast

majority of combinations at issue the

loser's name comes first."

"I think so myself, Sarah," ventured

Mr. Smith, with extreme modesty of

demeanor.

"Indeed," she rather sneered at

otherwise, "have you been reading up

on the subject?"

"Some, Sarah," he answered, as he

handed her a faded little newspaper

clipping which he had taken from his

pocketbook.

Mrs. Smith read only this much and

quit:

"Smith-Jones—At the residence of

the bride's parents—Washington

Star.

An Economical Cook.

A Chinaman will bake a dinner for

a dozen with a mere handful of fuel.

The boiler he uses is large and con-

structed, being sometimes two feet in

diameter and one foot deep. It covers

the fire with merely a small portion

of the lower part of the case, but the

heat and flames envelop the rest. Water

and rice are put at the bottom with

a placed over them, and on this are

placed dishes of fish, fowl and vegeta-

bles to boil. The whole is covered

with a wooden cover, in the center of

which is a hole about four inches in

diameter, and in this another dish is

often placed, the contents of which

are cooked by the steam.—St. Louis

Globe-Democrat.

His Proud Descent.

O'Brien—And so Jaykers is proud of

his descent, is he?

McTurk—Yes, he is terribly stuck up

about it.

"Well, begorra, O'Brien is a bit of a

descent meself to boast about. Of descend-

ed four stories wanst while the ladder

broke and niver slipped a brick!"—

Chicago Evening News.

THE AMERICAN COMMISSION.

THE AMERICAN COMMISSION.

It Issues An Address to the Filipinos—Self-Government and Perfect Liberty Is Offered.

NEW YORK, March 23.—The Journal's Manila correspondent cabled Wednesday that the address to the natives of the Philippine islands, drafted by the American commission in behalf of the United States government and embodying the views of the president, has been made public. After being translated into all the native dialects it is to be disseminated throughout the archipelago.

The address assures the Filipinos of the intention of the Americans to develop the powers of self-government in the people. It explains that the United States has assumed international obligations which it must fulfill and which makes it responsible to the whole civilized world for the stable government of the Philippines. The commission, it is explained, is to interpret to the natives the purposes and intentions of the president toward them, and also suggest the establishment of such a government as shall suit the capacity and requirements of the Filipinos and be consistent with the interests of the United States. The protection of the United States is not to be exercised in any spirit of tyranny or vengeance; but having destroyed the Spanish power and accepted the sovereignty of the islands, the United States is bound to restore peace in the Philippines. To this end all insurgents are invited to lay down their arms and place their trust in the government that emanated out of the oppression of Spanish rule. The majority of the commissioners incline toward giving the Filipinos a sort of tribal or provincial local autonomy under a central government, which shall be military until a purely civil system is proved to be feasible.

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[TO